



The DOG and the SHADOW.

TRAY with his prize crossing a brook,
 Did on the glassy surface look,
 There saw the shadow of his bone,
 And dreamt not that it was his own;
 So big it seem'd, so full, so fair,
 He greedy (as his brethren are)

Snatch'd

Snatch'd at the shade, the bone let go,
 And lost his prize and dinner too.
 He yelp'd, and cry'd, Ah well a-day;
 No dinner now remains for Tray;
 Fool that I was, he sighing said,
 To loose the *substance* for the *shade*.

MORAL.

Poor Tray, you see, has lost his prize,
 By only trusting to his eyes.
 In such a world—to your defence,
 Call in the aid of ev'ry sense,
 That none may laugh at your expence.

